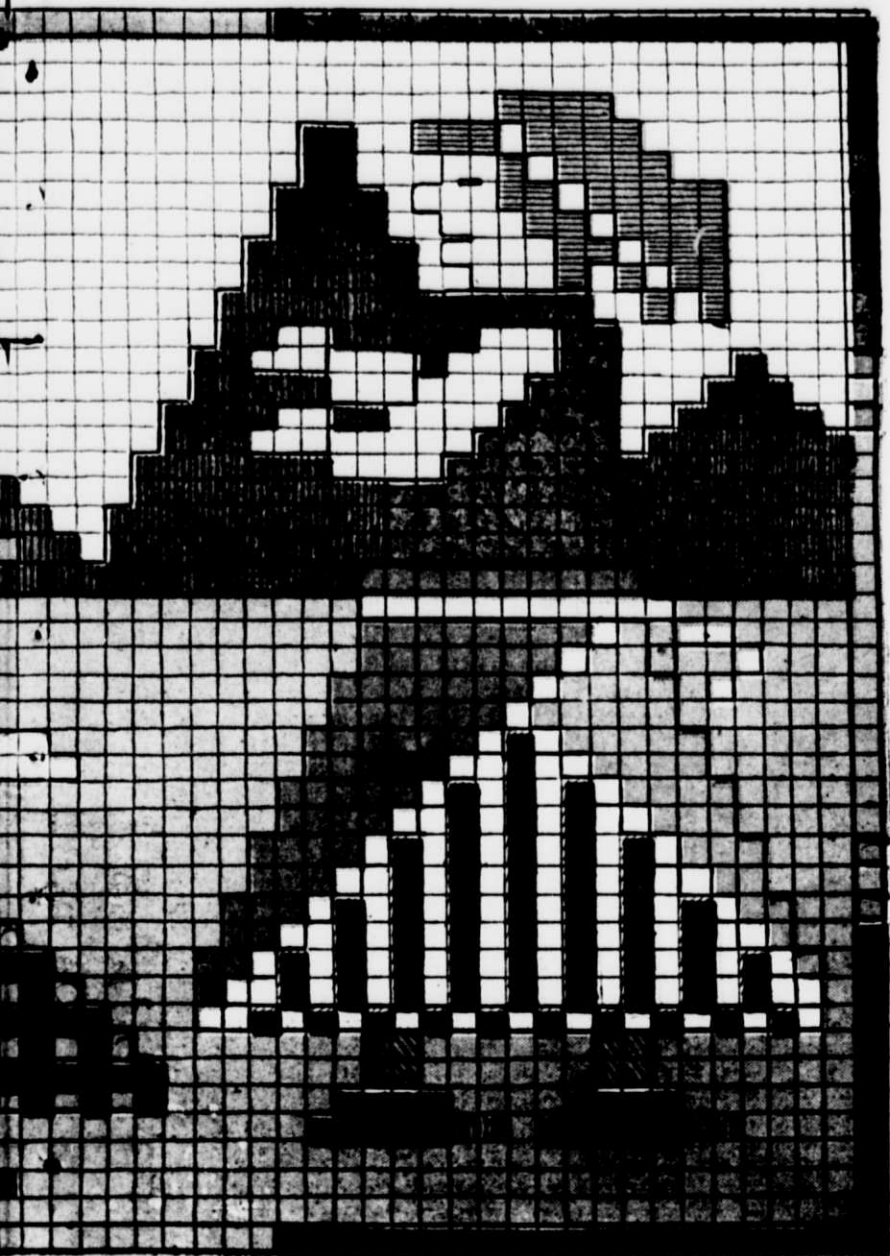


ITCH FAMILY



MOTHER.

Miss Pen Dragon.

T CARSON.



"If only, Miss Dragon, you'd let me repeat
On your own sides and back this inscription most neat,
Mr. Pennycock gladly would give barrels three
For the sake of the big advertisement 'twould be."



Miss Dragon was pleased with the notion at once;
She smiled a broad smile and rolled over, the dunce!
And the youth threw the paint-pot, with wonderful skill,
In the jaws of Miss Dragon, of Tumbledown Hill.



The paint-pot was magic, the youth was a prince;
These facts, I am sure, you have guessed at long since.
Miss Dragon could only choke, sputter and cough,
So the prince made her captive and carried her off.



The hero was praised and made king of that land,
His bravery won him a princess' hand;
And Miss Dragon was treated so well, I'll engage
That her death was due purely to gout and old age.

"the sign-painter said,
at stood on his head;
nd to run!
paint ere I'm done.



That Bad Old Sand-Man.

By M. GOING.

Directly supper's over, when I want to have some fun,
That horrid sand-man comes around; he's just the meanest one!
He fills my eyes so full of sand it makes them shut up tight,
And so I have to rub them hard to see the pretty light;
An' then they say, "Look at that child! So sleepy he can't see,"
An' all the time I'm just as wide-awake as I can be.

When I'm comfy after supper, on my darling daddy's knee,
An' he's telling me a story, an' I'm happy as can be,
What does that horrid sand-man do but come and bob my head,
Till they say, "Poor child, he's nodding an' he ought to go to bed";
An' I want to hear the story, an' I'm not tired at all:
It's just that bad old sand-man makes me nod till I 'most fall.

I tell them I'm not sleepy, but they think I do not know;
They tell me I must go to bed—and then I have to go.
And so I never stay up till one o'clock—or eight,
And find out what the people do when it is really late.
If I get to be President—an' dad says p'raps I can—
I'll tell all the policemen to catch that old sand-man;
We'll put him into prison, and we'll lock the great big door
An' never let him out again to bother any more.



Teacher—"What did the children of Israel do when they
came out of the Red Sea?"
Bobby—"E-er-I-I-guess they dried dem-selves."